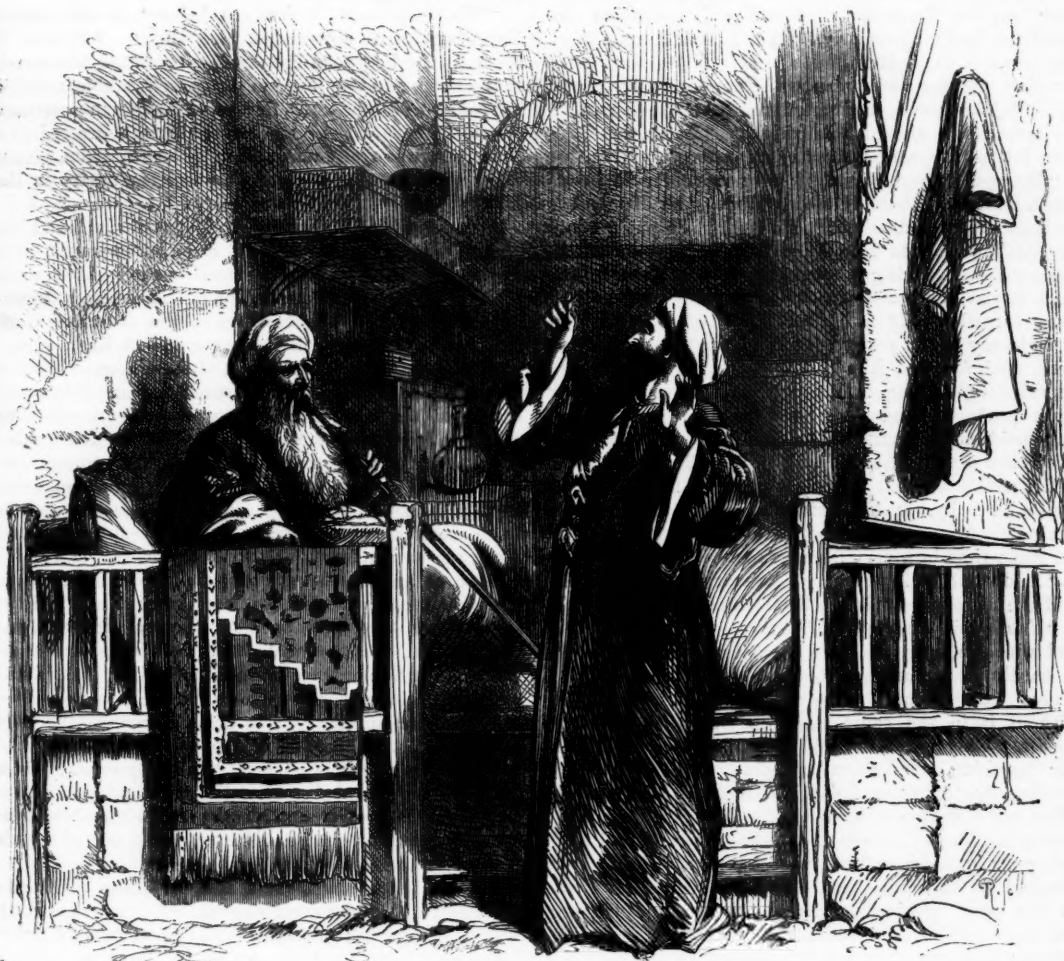


THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



IN THE SHOP OF HADJI ISMAEL.

THE STORY OF A DIAMOND.

BY MISS M. L. WHATLEY.

CHAPTER I.—THE JEWELLER'S SHOP.

"It is certainly a fine stone, a very pretty stone; but I have seen as good and better ones," said Achmet to the diamond merchant, as he held me between his finger and thumb, placing me carefully so that the light should fall on my polished surface.

"Such a man as you, my brother, should not tell a lie," replied the merchant, calmly seating himself upon the small carpet which covered the front of his little shop. It was in a dark, narrow street in the city of

Cairo, and looked a dingy place enough, being old, and the boxes and drawers of a shabby description, and very dusty; but every one who knew anything about jewels was well aware that immense wealth lurked under this apparent poverty, and that Ismael was well able to have afforded handsome fittings for this curious little den, had it seemed good to him to do so; and that, indeed, in its dark recesses, many a splendid ruby and sapphire lay hid, and many a diamond fit for a pasha's sword-belt, or for the tiara of a sultan's favourite slave. How long I had lain there matters not; perhaps I had been asleep during the long voyage from India, which soon succeeded

my emerging from the mines of Golconda. Enough for the readers of my history that my life begins with the visit of Achmet, the *wakeel* or agent of a wealthy Caireen, to the shop of the diamond merchant Ismael, which took place some ten years ago, as nearly as I can recollect.

"A lie, indeed! I only speak the truth, as the Prophet knows," replied Achmet to the insinuation of the seller; "my lord is buying many jewels for Sitt Zeynab's wedding, and many of them are better than this, though it is a pretty stone. You ask too much for it; fifty purses* is a foolish idea—ten would be enough."

"Ten purses for a diamond as large as a nut and as clear as the fountains of Paradise!" exclaimed the merchant, laughing bitterly. "Am I a fool? am I mad, that you talk to me thus?"

"Nay, you are a wise man, and know everything, and are only joking with me," answered the wakeel, patting the merchant's shoulder coaxingly. "Come, my brother, let us agree, and say twenty purses."

"By your father's beard, I gave more for it in its rough state than that. Go—leave me; the diamond is for another; it is finished!" So saying, he put me into the drawer whence I had been taken, and locked it, while Achmet, giving a sorrowful sort of jerk to the scarf round his waist, where his money was stowed away, turned slowly on his heel; but before he was out of sight my owner rose with more alacrity than was his wont, and followed him a few steps. They returned immediately, talking in whispers, and I was presently again produced, and taken possession of by Achmet, who paid thirty purses, if I recollect right, for me. They then sat down and drank two small cups of black coffee, which a black slave boy brought from a coffee-house hard by, at his master's orders, and smoked alternately from a water-pipe, or *narghela*, conversing at the same time in a very friendly manner.

"And so Sitt Zeynab is to be married next week?" said the merchant; "is she handsome?"

"Yes," said Achmet, "I believe so; in fact, I have had a look once or twice, for she is so young that she is hardly yet accustomed to the *burko* (face-veil), and makes her mother angry by sometimes appearing without it in the court when playing with her little sisters. Only yesterday Sitt Haanem, her aunt, saw her laughing with them at some guests who were passing by the open door, and scolded her severely. 'You are now twelve years old, and a bride,' she said; 'come in directly, and be ashamed of yourself, or I shall ask your mother to beat you.' But the bride only laughed at her, and then I heard the slaves (for I was in the court making up my accounts) talking to her, and praising her, and telling her all about the bridegroom; however, they did not tell her he has only one eye."

"What does that signify if he can give her plenty of jewels and clothes?" observed the merchant significantly.

"Women care for fine things more than anything else; and, besides that, a husband is a husband. Who is the bridegroom, Achmet?"

"The son of a rice merchant at Boulac; they have a good house there, and plenty of money, and he is a good man and clever; he can read beautifully, and is moreover a pilgrim, young as he is. His father took him to Mecca when quite a boy."

"Ah, that's a great thing, to be a pilgrim! Why do you not go, my brother?" said the merchant, who was

himself a pilgrim (as I knew from his being usually called "Hadji," or "Pilgrim Ismael.")

"Well, I always intend to make the holy journey one day, but business has hitherto interfered. By the help of the Prophet I will go next year, or this year, perhaps. It is a fine thing to get rid of one's sins, certainly."

"Truly it is, brother, our holy Prophet be praised. There is but one God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God," added Ismael, in a sort of aside, half to himself. He paused and took a long puff at his pipe, and then continued, "I did a good stroke of business at Mecca when I went on pilgrimage; bought some very good turquoises, and sold some diamonds to a Bedouin sheikh. It was a good journey."

"Who come here?" observed Achmet, as two men in European attire approached the shop. "Franks, I think." As he spoke the strangers saluted the owner of the shop, and one of them, in broken Arabic, asked if he could tell him the address of a Syrian merchant named El Najar. The other, who, though dressed as a European, was really a Copt, interpreted for him, adding a few words of courtesy, such as are customary in the East.

Meantime Mr. Rothesay (so I afterwards found the young Scotchman was called) looked with much interest at the scene, and said something to himself about wishing he were a painter. The golden sun was streaming down through the crevices in the covering, which shut in the bazaar in this street overhead like a sort of roof, and each ray falling on the crimson turban of Achmet, or on the violet-coloured caftan and snowy beard of the old merchant, made the surrounding shadows appear all the darker, and threw the marked features and expressive black eyes of the two men into strong relief; while the dusty boxes and somewhat shabby carpet in the shop somehow looked, under the influence of that wondrously clear atmosphere, neither dingy nor insignificant. Everything was part of a pretty picture, at least in the eye of one who had a taste for the picturesque; and Mr. Rothesay, cautious and quiet as he was by nature, and business-like by education, was possessed of this fortunate taste in a considerable degree. After two or three minutes' talk about the address, which the old merchant gave as minutely as possible—for the place appeared to be difficult to find—the Copt asked leave to show his friend some of the beautiful turquoises which Hadji Ismael had lately received from Arabia. "Certainly," replied the merchant, smiling, as he opened a drawer and displayed his sky-blue treasures; "the gentleman needs a ring, and one of these is just suited to his hand."

"I don't wear rings," said Mr. Rothesay, turning to the Copt, who understood English, "but I promised my wife to get a small turquoise for a ring of hers which has lost a stone; we have no money to throw away, but I believe they are cheap."

Mr. Hanna (so the Copt was named) explained, and they all spent some little time examining stones—Achmet joining with as much eagerness as if it had been a special business of his own, and proffering advice and remarks very freely, though with the courtesy and good-natured interest which in the East prevents the uncalled-for assistance of standers-by from appearing rude or meddlesome in general. This natural fondness for buying and selling of any kind is joined to a kindly wish to help a stranger, and at the same time to display their own skill in bargaining; and time is rarely valued sufficiently to make each solely occupied with his own errand. "All these," observed Hanna, "he bring from pilgrim who come from Mecca."

* A purse is equal to about five guineas English.

"Oh, so they mix a little business with the pilgrimage?" said Mr. Rothesay, laughing. The merchant nodded, and then muttered a sentence from the Koran. "Now what good does this going to Mecca really do you?" continued Mr. Rothesay, in the best Arabic he could muster.

"Our souls are made clean when we visit the holy place; and this is good. We are happy when we return."

"But if you sin after you return, what then?" asked the stranger.

"Allah kereem!" (God is gracious), said Hadji Ismael, gravely, stroking his beard.

"Is he not gracious equally, whether you go to Mecca or stay here?" persisted the foreigner.

A solemn shake of the head, accompanied by a rather contemptuous smile, was the only reply vouchsafed to him; and Hanna interposed in English, "My dear sir, let him alone; these infidels only get angry if we Christians talk to them about their religion. Come and let us find El Najar's house."

"I wish I could speak better," said Mr. Rothesay, "and tell the poor old man there must be something better than a visit to Mecca to cleanse the heart from sin."

"Poor old man!" cried Hanna, flippantly, as they turned the corner, Achmet following at their heels, "why, he is very rich; though his shop is so common-looking, he has I don't know how many purses, and a handsome house in another quarter of the city, besides a farm in the country. Am I not right?" he continued, turning to Achmet, and changing to Arabic. "Is not Hadji Ismael a rich old fellow?"

"Ah! I should like very well to have half as much as he has," was the answer of my owner. They were thinking of a different kind of poverty, and the two Egyptians, though one a Copt and fancying himself a Christian, and the other a Mohammedan, were yet equally ignorant of the true riches. Alas! I have met with hundreds of such, both in Cairo and in other places; there seem to be more people in this world who can appreciate the value of a diamond, which is but a bit of shining dust after all, than there are of those who can tell the value of the treasure which passes not away!

CHAPTER II.—THE CHILD BRIDE.

The sun was just peeping through the lattices in a handsome dwelling-house in one of the oldest and narrowest streets in the city, when I was hastily caught up and fastened on the tiara destined to adorn the head of the little twelve-years-old bride, on the wedding day, by one of the chief members of the household, whether mother or grandmother I know not. All night I had lain with a heap of other jewels in a box, and at an early hour—for every one was astir before daylight—had been turned out on a cushion of embroidered silk, where everything to be worn on the great day was spread out. The tiara, or *kurs*, as it is called in Egypt, to which I was appended was tolerably heavy with diamonds before my little weight was added to it; but an Egyptian maiden is ready to bear any fatigue in order to look, as she imagines, to the best advantage on this the chief day of her life.

Young Zeynab was brought in by her friends and bridesmaids. All of these last were very young girls—two of them quite little children—and all dressed in red of various shades and materials, gauze and silk having the pre-eminence, as they were chiefly the daughters of wealthy families. The elder women then attired the bride, amidst much chattering and noisy rejoicing, in a silken robe and full trousers of brilliant red and gold;

her delicate little hands, which had been previously dyed of an orange hue in curious patterns with hennah (a leaf dried and powdered for this purpose), were now almost covered with rings, one or two on each finger; and bracelets were put on her arms, ear-drops of pearls and gold in her ears, and her slender throat was encircled with a double row of large gold sequins, with emeralds between them. The tiara was lastly put on her head, from which her long hair in numerous small plaits, to each of which was attached gold coins, hung down her back, and then her dress was complete, as far as the indoor costume went. Alas! what did she and her relatives know of a crown of glory that fadeth not away? Earth and its jewels was their *all*. Pity that some fair Christian brides imitate these ignorant Moslems a little too much in their extravagant adornments, though such a weight of jewellery as was here displayed would be too much for any European taste. Zeynab was rather a pretty graceful girl, with a skin less brown than that of the poor, who are more in the sun; her eyes were a deep soft black, shaded by long lashes, and with marked eyebrows, which on this day were not improved by being painted with what is called *kohl* half way down her nose. Her pretty white teeth were not, as usual, displayed in frequent smiles, for custom required that she should be as like a statue as possible on her wedding day, and, indeed, during the days the festivities lasted.

After a slight refreshment, partaken of in a scrambling sort of manner by the family, the hour was declared to have come for the procession to start; and the bride was enveloped in a large red cashmere shawl, thrown over her from head to foot, concealing all her finery as well as her face, her yellow leather slippers alone peeping out as she with difficulty walked down stairs supported by two women. All the female attendants, friends, and relatives uttered shrill cries in the peculiar tone called *Zaghareet* (said to be imitable by European throats). These women, all but the bridesmaids, were muffled in their usual black shroud-like robes, their eyes alone appearing above their face-veils; but the male relatives who joined the procession in the street gave plenty of gay colouring to the scene, being all in their best and most lively attire, white or crimson turbans, and long *kaftans* or robes with sleeves of cloth purple, red, blue, or gray, displaying the inner vest of rich striped Damascus silk. A canopy was borne over the bride's head as they set forth in the hot sun; but it was little protection, being very thin, and so unsteady that the poor girl's head was usually exposed to the burning rays, while the procession, headed by musicians making a great noise with squeaking pipes and loud drums, made its way through the most crowded thoroughfares of the city, up one narrow street and down another. The little shrill pipe is called a *nay* in Cairo, and is always heard in piercing notes at wedding festivities.

My young owner became sadly tired before all was over, and felt a good deal of disappointment; for all her life she had heard of her wedding-day as the happiest possible, and now it was come (in spite of all the finery and fuss made about her, which were very delightful to her vain little heart), she could not help feeling tired and suffocated under the thick red shawl, and being on her feet, and in the hot sun so many hours, unused as she was to walking any distance. She really longed to sit down in the street and cry at last, so exhausted had she become; and the women had some ado to drag her along. However, she would not, of course, acknowledge all this, and when they brought her home and relieved her of her wraps, and gave her strong coffee, and then regaled her with a supper of dainties, in which sugar

and butter had not been spared, she forgot the past fatigue, and fancied it had been very pleasant, as everybody assured her it was.

I again adorned her head next day, as she sat in state in her father's house, and was presented to numerous guests, but to none must she speak. With downcast eyes and in total silence, dressed up with gold and jewels, and even long strips of gilt tinsel paper fastened on each side of her face, sat the heroine of the day, while all talked, and laughed, and ate sweetmeats, and drank sherbet, and smoked pipes around her! When at last she got over-tired, she was taken out of the room by her mother, and privately allowed to refresh herself with food, and then stuck up again on her cushion. So the day wore on, till, in the evening, poor Zeynab's strength nearly failed, between heat, fatigue, and the rich, unwholesome food she had partaken of. At a late hour she cried and complained of headache, and had to be scolded and coaxed by aunts and mothers and grandmothers till partially pacified, and then allowed to lie on a divan in the antechamber and sleep off her weariness.

The third and last day resembled the former a good deal. The absence of the bridegroom would have struck a European as a strange omission; but, except at the first day's ceremony of the marriage, before Mollahs and parents on both sides, he did not appear till the bride was fetched home, but had a similar set of festivities with his friends. On this last evening the little Zeynab was to ride to Boulac on a donkey, after a grand and extravagant feast at her father's house, the remains of which were distributed to the poor. Handfuls of small coin were scattered among the crowd of slaves and lookers-on, just as the procession set forth by the light of torches and candles. The young lady was muffled closely in voluminous silk robes, and placed on a high saddle upon a donkey; for carriages (now so often seen) had scarcely begun to be used in Cairo at the period at which I write. So, with rejoicings and clamour, they sent away their daughter to her new home.

Poor child! it was really like fetching home a new doll; for she was as unfit to be a companion for a man even of very limited education, as if she had been of wax or wood, and with the disadvantage that she had not the doll's placid temper, but the wilful and violent one which generally belongs to spoiled children, especially to such as are totally uneducated.

However, she was affectionate and playful when not thwarted, and for some time the young merchant was amused with his toy, and heaped presents on her, and made his sisters wait on her, and they all got on very well together for several weeks. But then Zeynab's petulant temper began to occasion quarrels, and her frivolity and emptiness of mind were wearisome to her husband, who, though he would have been sorry to find anything else in a creature of the inferior sex, yet became tired of nothing else but childish chatter, and was glad to return to his counting-house and his bags of rice. The bride soon saw little of him, and received occasional hard words when she did, so that her life was not such a paradise as the deceitful old women had promised her it should be.

POOR HODGE.

IN one of my walks last summer, while rusticated in a southern county, I fell in accidentally with a labourer returning from his day's work, and, according to my wont, responded to his civil greeting, and entered into talk. The man, a simple honest fellow enough, was

several years short of fifty, but he walked in a hobbling way, his limbs, he said, "being stiff with the rheumatics," and he had the stoop, the languid motion, and the slow, hesitating speech of old age. I learned from his replies to my queries that he received eight shillings a week from his employer, out of which he had to pay him two for rent—that he had a wife and five children, the eldest boy alone being able to maintain himself, and that, therefore, six persons, one of them being the breadwinner and head of the family, had to be supported at a cost of a shilling a head per week. I did not ask him how he solved this terrific problem; he could but have told me the old story—of hard work and hardest living, and of getting behind-hand in spite of both, and then doing his best to fetch up again by means of extra pay earned at hay-time and wheat-harvest. But I did ask him why he and his fellows did not demand better wages: to which question his reply was, that the farmers in that neighbourhood would think they were going to be ruined if wages rose to nine shillings—he could remember the time when they were only six. He showed me his cottage, for the fee simple of which no man in his wits would have offered thirty pounds, and to which his landlord and employer would do no repairs, though it was falling fast to ruin. It had no fitting accommodation for a family—was damp and draughty, unsound in walls and roof, picturesque with mildew within and without, and so scant of room that the five children, boys and girls together, had to be thrust to sleep into a kind of closet with lean-to walls, under the pantiles.

It happened about a month later that, in visiting a relative in a midland county, he introduced me to a farming friend of his, who, renting near six hundred acres, brought up a large family on the proceeds, while he paid his labourers twelve shillings a week, and housed them in cottages at the same rent of two shillings paid by the poor fellow mentioned above. I found the men on this farm as healthy as the average of workers anywhere, in good condition and good spirits, in all respects equal to the work they had to do, and doing it with a will. The farmer took me over some of the cottages he had built for them; these stood in a rank on elevated ground, were perfectly dry, and sound in repair, and, in addition to kitchen and living-room on the ground-floor, had each three snug bed-rooms above. They were built of stone in solid style, with shingle roofs, at a cost of about one hundred pounds each; and the proprietor reckoned that, allowing for rent of land (each cottage had a long strip of garden-ground in the rear) and for repairs, the money he had invested in them would yield him a good four per cent., with which he professed himself satisfied.

I have given these two cases as contrasts—not as the extremes of the labourer's condition, which they by no means represent.

Whatever may be the causes which have degraded the tiller of the soil to the level of our poor rheumatic friend in the south—and I shall advert to some of them presently—it is worth while to look a little closely at the facts of his condition before we go any farther. Imagine a man who is the head of a family living by his labours, and looking up to him for example, and who, after paying rent, has but six shillings a week, or ten and two-sevenths pence a day, to provide their food, clothing, education, and all their other wants. *What does that mean?* It means starvation, famine, "leanness of teeth," in the first place. Six people, two of them adults, cannot be fed, in this country and at the present time, as human beings should be fed, on less than twopence a head per

day—that cannot be done by any stretch of ingenuity whatever; they must suffer the pangs of hunger and inanition, and under such suffering must fall the ready victims to disease. It means poor and insufficient clothing in the second place; for what funds can be saved for clothing out of a wage too small to buy food? The mystery is, how families so situated contrive to procure clothing at all. We know that private charity supplies this want in innumerable instances; but why the able-bodied British labourer should be compelled to accept of charitable aid to clothe his children, we really do not know. It means ignorance in the third place; for, though there may be available schools in the neighbourhood, hunger and rags will virtually shut the school-room door against the labourer's child. "When you have nothing but what comes out of your fingers," says a labourer's wife, "you *must* send the children into the fields;" and so, when they should be learning, they are scaring crows, picking up stones, weeding the corn, or thinning the turnips, poor little wretches! because, as mother says, "they want more victuals than I got to give 'em." Thus education and moral training go to the wall; they grow up in ignorance, not learning even to read intelligently; they arrive at puberty often without any sense of modesty, decency, or self-respect; and if they fall into vice and crime, as many of them do fall, where is the wonder? and on whose shoulders sits the blame? Of all philanthropic endeavours, that is one of the most hopeless which seeks to reclaim in after-life a class so degraded in childhood. Ask governors of gaols and managers of reformatories; they have made the endeavour, and they know well that I speak the truth, when I say it is like beating the air to try to inculcate the external obligations of Christianity among young people so circumstanced.

Among the causes of the labourer's degradation there are one or two which are sufficiently obvious. The first that strikes me is the want of capital, or the want of inclination to employ capital, among farmers and cultivators. Men who might raise much more from their land than they do, put up with small or moderate returns, in some cases, because they really have not the capital they might advantageously employ; in others, because they fear a rise of rent as a consequence of increased production. There is really no limit to the productive power of the soil, though there is, of course, a remunerative limit. No one pretends that the remunerative limit has yet been reached; in justice to the labourer it should be reached, at least approximately, or he is debarred from employment to which he has a natural claim. Another cause of his degradation is the abnormal amount of female labour in constant employment on farms. This has increased astonishingly of late years, and should be reduced. Its bad results are manifested in many ways; it is damaging both to the health and morals of the subjects of it, and is one of the most fruitful causes of the physical deterioration and moral corruption of the rural population. If the labourer were wise—perhaps I rather ought to say, if he were in a position to act wisely—he would allow neither wife nor daughter to engage in field-work; it should suffice that his sons are forced to begin such work at a tender age. The mother and wife should remain at home to make the home what it should be, and the daughters should be learning to take their proper position as domestic servants. The wages of the labourer are always lowest and most precarious in localities where girls and women compete with him or supersede him on the land: if they were kept at home, he would be in a condition to make better terms with his employer. Another cause, which

is in operation now to some extent, though how far I cannot say, is the increase of pasture, and the consequent decrease of arable land, owing to the high price of meat, which has prevailed for the last few years, and rendered the breeding of cattle and sheep more profitable in many districts than the tillage of the soil. To some extent this may have thrown labourers out of employment, and led to a reduction in the rate of wages; but such a disturbance need hardly be regarded as of very great importance, nor is its effect sure to be permanent. The most powerful cause, however, of the labourer's decay lies at his own door. I say this with the best feeling towards him; but it has to be said. He is far too prone to expect others to do for him what he should do, and is able to do, for himself. He sits quiet and inactive when he should be up and stirring, and will remain idling for half his time for months and years in one place, when, if he would make a little exertion, he might find good and constant employment in another. In some of those southern districts alluded to above, it is a fact that there are at this moment hordes of labourers starving on a miserable wage, so low that I do not care to name it, who ought not to be there at all. Some of them are descendants of the men who drove the plough over the same soil two hundred years ago; they have increased in numbers, as all oppressed populations do increase, until, to use the language of an employer in the neighbourhood, "they are eating one another's heads off," by which he means to say that each one of them is doing what he can to prevent all the rest from earning wages sufficient to support them. Had some of them migrated from time to time to other districts, instead of remaining to overstock the labour market at home, both those who went, and those who remained, had been greatly better off.

It is much easier to point out the remedies for the labourer's disease of poverty than it is to get such remedies adopted on any scale at all adequate to the necessities of the case. The most obvious remedy is emigration to some distant land, where that sturdy muscle and sinew, which seems to be so sorry a commodity in England, is a possession of value, and is prized accordingly. In the far west regions of the United States, in Canada, in Natal, in Australia, the field of operations is boundless; and in any of these new lands the able-bodied man who has a will to work, and can for a season look hardship in the face, may be sure of getting on. Young men should accept the aid of Government proffered them year by year, and run from the destitution at home to the plenty that invites them abroad; and they should take example from the poor Irish, who are seen to practise every species of economy and self-denial, that they may save enough to carry them across the sea. In seeking to emigrate, they should be encouraged and assisted by their fellow-labourers who stay at home, who should bear in mind that those who depart increase the earnings of those who remain. Labourers who emigrate often ruin their prospects, and bring emigration into ill-repute, through remaining in the crowded ports where they arrive; pottering and idling about in search of employments for which they are not fitted, instead of pushing on at once to the land where their services are wanted and would be gladly welcomed. This senseless mistake has been the ruin of thousands who might otherwise have done well; and numbers of them have come back disgusted with the disappointments they met with through their own folly. To stay in the coast towns, thinking to lead a town life, is, for the rural labourer, simply madness;

let him lose not a day, or an hour, if possible, but push on to his destination at once, in spite of the temptations that will be sure to be thrown in his way.

Next to emigration, which is not available or advisable at all seasons, the best remedy is migration—the removing from one district or county, where wages are low, to another where they are higher. This plan is systematically adopted in other trades, and is, moreover, enforced by the guilds that look after their interest. Thus the carpenters, when work is slack in one place, never dream of working at lower wages, but start off to another place, where work is brisk. Masons and builders do the same; so do the engineers, the joiners, the iron-workers, and scores of other industrials. Why should the farm-labourer alone cling to his native soil until he is obliged to accept half a wage, because his labour is a drug? We have latterly seen what can be done by migration, through the admirable exertions of Canon Girdlestone, who has succeeded in removing labourers from districts where they were starving on inadequate pay, to other districts where they can live in comparative comfort on fair wages. The reverend gentleman has certainly earned the thanks of every lover of justice and fair play, and specially of every friend of the rural labourer. It is mortifying to find that most of the farmers in the labour-depressed districts have judged his good offices in a hostile and bitter spirit. They should have known, as I suspect some of them do know well, that he was really acting as much in the interest of the farmer as of the labourer. It can never be to the advantage of an employer to have a lot of men doing half work upon half wages. Employers know that you can't get out of a man what isn't in him, and that it is more stupidity to expect an average day's work from a man whose ordinary diet is potatoes, cabbage, and whey, instead of good animal diet. I, for one, am far from accusing the farmers in question of paying their labourers less than the value of the work they did, because I have no reason for believing them to be dishonest men; but the sad pity of it is that the work of the poor fellows should have been worth so little. Surely it was a good thing to do—to make it worth more—to put the half-fed man upon a more generous diet and make him capable of winning a better wage, so that he might live with more comfort to himself. On this part of the subject I will call the attention of our farming friends to a passage in the "Pall Mall Gazette" of April 9, where the writer refers to a paper published by Mr. Chadwick in the "Journal of the Society of Arts," in which paper "striking evidence is adduced of the close connexion that exists between the amount and value of the work that can be performed by a labouring man, and the quantity and quality of the food that he can afford to eat. Mr. Chadwick (there is no better authority) affirms that in highly cultivated districts of England, where agricultural labour costs 14s. and 16s. a week, the work is not only better but *more cheaply* performed than in worse cultivated districts where wages are but 8s. and 9s. a week. The Lancashire navvies, who work in gangs of five, will admit no man into their gangs who cannot, as the minimum task, load twenty cubic yards, or twenty single horseloads, of earth in a day. A mile of road, made by lusty labourers of this class, earning from 3s. 6d. to 5s. 6d. a day, has been executed in much shorter time, and more cheaply, than a mile of the same kind of road made by half-fed Irish labourers earning but 1s. a day. Some years since Lord Shaftesbury brought down to his estate in Dorsetshire a foreman accustomed to navvy labour. The new-comer altogether refused to employ the local labour at 8s. a week, declaring that it

would be dear at 6s., and demonstrated that the cheapest and best way of getting good work done quickly was to employ well-paid and well-fed spademen. At that time bricklayers in Dorsetshire were earning but 12s. a week, and were accustomed to lay between three and four hundred bricks a day, whilst London bricklayers, paid 24s. a week, were in the habit of laying upwards of a thousand bricks a day. Ill-paid labour and cheap labour are by no means synonymous terms; a potato-fed man, like a grass-fed horse, can only dawdle feebly over a day's work which a beef-and-beer-fed navvy would dispose of with ease in three or four hours."

The present time is one of labour crisis which seems likely to end, though perhaps not very soon, in a settlement of the relations between employers and employed upon a new basis—a basis that shall be clear and intelligible and declaratory of the just claims of either party. The labour combinations, guilds, and trades unions point to this, as do also in a less agreeable manner the strikes and lock-outs. There have been latterly some indications tending to show that, in the final settlement that shall be arrived at, the tiller of the soil—the poor farm labourer—will not be passed over. There is no reason that I can see why he should be passed over. He cannot, from the nature of his employment, demand a uniform high wage wherever he works; such a demand would be often unjust to the farmer, and could not in practice be complied with, owing to the differing values of money and commodities in different localities. What he can rightly demand is a fair and equitable adjustment of wages—or advantages equivalent to wages—to his necessities; and thus much, and no less, society, which cannot do without him, is bound to award him.

M. BERRYER.

THE special attractions offered by Paris to the world in this year are chiefly of a material kind. But, among the crowds that flock to the metropolis of art and of luxury, there will be many in whose minds the grand historical associations of the place must overshadow even so important an event as the great Exhibition in the Champ de Mars. So those who visit the legislative assemblies, or the courts of law, will recall with interest the career of one of the greatest of living French speakers and politicians, who has always commanded the ear of his countrymen, and has been mixed up with some of the greatest events of their modern history. Such a man is the subject of our present sketch.

Pierre Antoine de Berryer was born in Paris on the 4th of June, 1790, the eldest son of an advocate of great eminence. This was the period when, as every one knows, the threatening cloud of the French Revolution, big with coming destruction, was lowering every day more darkly and heavily over France. In the preceding year the States-General had met, and, after a series of alarming manifestations, the *tiers-état*, or commonalty, finding themselves supported by the people, and left alone by the two other estates of the realm, formed the grand resolve, under the advice of the Abbé Sièyes, of constituting themselves into the NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

The "Declaration of the Rights of Man," issued by this body, and ratified by the King in 1791, swept away at one stroke the feudal institutions of fourteen centuries. The King and Queen were forcibly compelled to return to Paris, never again to leave it (except for a few moments of intercepted flight) till they fell on the

scaffold. Of the stirring events of these early years of his life the subject of our memoir can have no personal recollection; he was only nine years old when Napoleon became First Consul, and fourteen when he assumed the rank and title of hereditary Emperor of the French. Six years afterwards (1st April, 1810) were celebrated the nuptials of the Emperor with the Archduchess of Austria; and it is related that, upon the triumphal entry of Napoleon and Marie Louise into Paris, young Berryer published some congratulatory verses. But this was a solitary instance of praise bestowed in that quarter of the political horizon. Neither of the Berryers, father or son, was favourable to the imperial régime; and this publication must be looked upon rather as a juvenile essay than an expression of settled opinion.

M. Berryer the elder had sent his son at an early age to be educated under the care of the Oratorian fathers of Juilly, whose college had been reopened after the fall of Robespierre and the end of "The Terror." Here, it is said, young Berryer's career gave no great satisfaction to his teachers. He made very little progress in the studies prescribed to him, though his intelligence was conspicuous, and he excelled in every pursuit except the particular course of learning placed before him. Being at the same time of a most amiable disposition, he gratified his teachers by his general excellence as much as he annoyed them by his particular deficiencies. His vivid imagination at one moment led him into freaks of the wildest frolic and mischief, and at another into the most serious religious reflections, amounting almost to fervour. He had the happiness, however, at an early age, to form a worthy attachment, and as early as at twenty-one was united to Mdle. Gautier. Hitherto he had contemplated becoming an *avocat* (solicitor), but it was now decided that he should enter his father's profession of barrister.

His first efforts, it is said, gave no great indication of future distinction. Gradually, however, with increasing business came the love of work, and the resolution to study deeply the principles of law and jurisprudence. At the time when he first entered public life, not only had society undergone shocks and dislocations greater than any that had happened in Europe since the invasion of the Roman empire, but every institution had partaken of the same volcanic disruption. Religion had been subverted forcibly, and was only slowly reasserting its empire over the hearts of men. Law, as a system, had been completely revolutionized. The old courts had been shut up and silenced, and had been succeeded by tribunals presided over by ferocious judges, and attended by irresponsible advocates, and by witnesses whose evidence was a byword. The first Napoleon came upon the scene, and he, finding the work of demolition already accomplished, and being armed with imperial power, succeeded in reconstructing out of the ruins a monument which was perhaps the greatest, certainly the most beneficent of all his ideas—the *Code Napoléon*. This code came into operation at intervals from 1808 to 1810, and subsequent years, and is still the law, not only of France, but of Belgium, and of many states of Germany. Its advantages were at first very conspicuous. Rules were few, and procedure was simple; but, as years advance, innumerable new cases must spring up amidst the ever-recurring diversity of human affairs. These new points are not expressly ruled; and the principles and authorities upon which the framers of the law proceeded have to be brought into discussion. Thus the French code has become incruited with a mass of new decisions, which

threaten to give to the law in that country something of the complexity and intricacy of our own.

As we have observed, the Bonaparte dynasty was not viewed with favour by the younger Berryer; and the fall of the Emperor in 1814 is said to have been first proclaimed by him in the presence of some magistrates and law-students at Rennes, where he made his appearance wearing the white cockade of the Bourbons. A tumult ensuing, he was compelled to make his escape to Nantes, where he remained until a period of safety had arrived. During the Hundred Days he enrolled himself amongst the volunteers who took part against Napoleon, and he shared the triumph of his party at the final expulsion of the Emperor.

One of the causes in which he took a celebrated part occurred very shortly after this event. It was proposed by the Bourbon Government to proceed by law against those generals who, after taking the oaths of fidelity to Louis XVIII, had followed Napoleon to Waterloo. The younger Berryer, who shortly before had been retained with his father and M. Dupin to defend Marshal Ney, now appeared alone in defence of the generals Debelle and Cambronne. It is said that, having failed to obtain the acquittal of Debelle in court, he procured pardon for the general by throwing himself at the feet of the King and petitioning in his favour. In the case of Cambronne, whose apocryphal cry at Waterloo—"La Garde meurt, et ne se rend pas"—was then in every one's mouth, Berryer's appeal was so stirring and impassioned that it prevailed with the judges, and the general was acquitted. His boldness also was manifested by his advocacy of the doctrine of obedience to a *de facto* sovereign—a principle which has long been established in this country. "A general," he said, "should render obedience to the *de facto* monarch, to the man to whom has been secured the right and title of Sovereign by a treaty—that of Fontainebleau." For this sentiment Berryer was summoned before the Council of Discipline of the Order of Advocates, and received a "warning" from the Procureur-Général Bellart.

This rebuke did not, however, silence the young advocate. One of his most pointed sayings was—"It is a disgrace for conquerors to collect the wounded from the field of battle in order to lead them to a scaffold;" and in this spirit he defended the generals Cannel and Donnedieu. About the same time his professional services were called in against a government official, M. Decazes, the Minister of Police, whom Berryer accused in open court (and afterwards made good the charge) of being the instigator of the troubles of Lyons and Grenoble.

M. Berryer was thirty-four years of age when Louis XVIII died, and was succeeded by his brother, the Count d'Artois, under the title of Charles X. Up to this period he had acted the part of a firm and sagacious friend to the Royalist party, endeavouring to reconcile the rights of the monarchy with a peaceful development of the principles which had been proclaimed in 1789. Thus he supported the cause of various newspapers, the "Journal des Débats," the "Drapeau Blanc," and the "Quotidienne," at the same time ridiculing the policy of those mistaken rulers who attempted to buy up some of the papers, whilst they persecuted others.

In 1826 he appeared as the advocate of the Abbé Lamennais, when brought to trial for his opinions on the authority of the Pope. In this speech he adroitly united the despotic and democratic view of the Papacy. "Who will dare to make it a crime to venerate that great Spiritual Power (the Papacy) which is for ever teaching these noble doctrines—'People, obey your

King'—'King, beware how thou forgettest in thy greatness that the lowest of thy subjects is thy brother'?"

At this period it is recorded that his professional business was very great. He was concerned in the long and intricate investigations attending the cases of the

the brink of another revolutionary change; and M. Berryer was returned with the full approbation and support of the Polignac ministry, who expected and hoped wonders from him. "Berne," says M. Lamartine, "on the popularity of the Crown, of the saloons, and of the



Marquis de Vêrac, the proceedings against the bankers Sequin and Oudrard, and the question of supplies of the army in Spain. He also became the founder of the Société des Bonnes Lettres, and the Société des Bonnes Etudes. In connection with these institutions he commenced a series of lectures on politics, which were the foundation of his reputation in this new career, and revealed to himself his powers as a public speaker on non-legal subjects. Following the bent of his genius in this direction, in 1830 he offered himself as a candidate to the Electoral College of Puy, in the Haute Loire, and was returned by a large majority. M. Guizot also took his seat in the Chamber of Deputies for the first time in this year.

It was a critical period; the French nation was on

country party; faithful to the hopes that were based upon him, as upon the sacred pledge of his genius; seduced by his courage and by the dangers of the crisis, he unfortunately entered the arena more eager to combat than to make himself a politician, and he was about to speak before he had begun to think."

It happened, in accordance with this somewhat severe criticism, that M. Berryer's *début*, though brilliant, was nevertheless unsuccessful. Immediately on the reassembling of the Chamber, it was known that out of 428 deputies the opposition numbered 270; and an address was organized, expostulating with the King on his distrust of popular government. This address was strenuously opposed by M. Berryer. It was submitted nevertheless to the Chamber, and M. Berryer then rose

to defend the (amongst Englishmen untenable) proposition that the King is at liberty to select his first minister from among the ranks of the minority. Nothing could be more eloquent, but nothing less convincing. Every one admired the orator, but every one saw that he must fail. The address was carried by a majority of 221 to 181. Prince Polignac thereupon dismissed every official who had voted with the majority, and offered M. Berryer a public employment of value which had thus become vacant. This offer he had the good sense to decline. Some arbitrary attempts to suppress the newspapers followed, and then came "The Three Glorious Days of July," and the reign of Charles x was at an end.

From this period, for many years, M. Berryer's career as a deputy was less conspicuous, but probably more useful to his country. He watched both parties, without actively combining with either; raising his voice from time to time in favour of constitutional government, and supporting, amongst others, the following measures or proposals: trial by jury in cases of press prosecutions; the reduction of the newspaper stamp duty; the extension of the municipal franchise; the nomination of mayors by the communal electors; and the extension of electoral rights.

In the course of a debate that arose on the destiny of the Bourbon family, M. Berryer expressed his sympathies with those distinguished persons under their misfortunes, but took occasion to point out the advantages of an hereditary peerage, as a permanent and durable representative of the throne in France, whosoever might be the ruler of the nation. This speech has always been considered one of his greatest oratorical efforts, and as one which best establishes his claims to the rank of a statesman.

In the year 1832, when the Duchesse de Berri made her ill-advised attempt to assert her son's pretensions to the crown, M. Berryer set out from Paris to induce her to abandon her design. Failing in this endeavour, he was arrested at Angoulême, and was imprisoned at Nantes. A state of siege having been declared in La Vendée, the prisoner ran the risk of having to submit to the judgment of a military council; but the Court of Cassation happily intervening, M. Berryer was tried at Blois, and honourably acquitted. In the following year, mainly at his instigation, the Duchesse de Berri was set at liberty. In the same year M. Berryer was successful in his defence of Chateaubriand, who was thus saved from the vengeance of that very government for whose accession he had prepared the way.

In 1834 and 1836 M. Berryer exhibited some inconsistencies for which he was vehemently attacked, and which he has found it difficult to defend. At one time he demanded the punishment of those persons who joined secret societies and took incendiary oaths against their country; but he did not hesitate, in the latter year, to pay a visit to Charles x, at Goritz; and later, in 1843, he offered to the Duc de Bordeaux, in England, his solemn recognition, an act for which he was severely arraigned by M. Guizot, and which was unquestionably at variance with the principles he had formerly enunciated.

In 1835 it may be said that his parliamentary reputation was at its height. He opposed the laws which the Duc de Broglie wished to introduce after the attempt of Fieschi on the King's life. He also so successfully assailed the *projet de loi* for the American indemnity, that he won the support of the friends of the Government to his opposition, and the Bill was thrown out. At this period his party purchased for him the estate of

Angerville, which constituted nearly all his fortune, and which the expenses attending his public position, and his own generosity, had compelled him to offer for sale.

Coming down to more recent days, we find that M. Berryer's persevering opposition to the Government of Louis Philippe contributed mainly to the revolution of 1848; although the result brought no advantage to the party which he supported. In 1850 and 1851 he took part in the discussions on the budget, and on the memorable 2nd December he was one of the most determined of the small band of opponents to the *coup d'état*.

From that time he has taken less part in politics. In 1855 he was elected a member of the French Academy, and his speech on that occasion was suppressed on account of some allusions to the degradation of the Lower Empire. But the interdict was taken off within twenty-four hours, and the homage due to the sovereign dispensed with, to the relief probably of both parties.

However disappointed or unfortunate M. Berryer may have been in his political attachments, at the bar he has been always successful. He shares his pre-eminence with Odillon Barrot, with Dufaure, and with Jules Favre. Amongst this constellation of great speakers, he is distinguished chiefly for the loftiness and nobility of his sentiments, which, when combined with eloquent language and apt expression, have the power of stirring the passions and moulding the convictions, not only of his actual hearers, but of that great mass of the public who, by means of the press, can always be reached by the voice of an impassioned and commanding orator.

Amongst the very greatest of his efforts and triumphs was the celebrated defence of M. de Montalembert, in 1858, which made the wielder of absolute authority in France sensible of the existence in French society of a power which it would be formidable to encounter as an enemy, and which it was impossible for him to stifle and extinguish.

The reception which in November 1864 was given by the bar of England to this distinguished lawyer and orator will be long remembered, not only on account of the novelty of the entertainment, but for the memorable speeches of M. Berryer, Lord Brougham, Mr. Gladstone, Sir Alexander Cockburn, and Sir Roundell Palmer, on that brilliant occasion.

DISILLUSION;

OR, MARY OF THE MILL AND THE COUNTESS MARIA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF OTTILIE WILDERMUTH.

CHAPTER IV.

It was Sunday, a few weeks after the funeral at the Firs. Mary was left at home to take care of the house and to attend to the cooking, as her mother had gone to church with Christian and the maids. Her house-work was finished, and she had sat down on her seat among the willow-trees on the island, with her mother's Bible and sermon-book. She had not opened the sermon-book at all; the Bible lay opened on her knee, at the first blank page. What Mary had found there seemed to engross her attention so entirely that she had not yet begun to read in the holy Book itself.

She had often read to her mother, and, indeed, to both her parents, out of the old family Bible, and she had a little Testament for her own use; but it had often occurred to her that the first leaf was stuck down to the cover with a wafer. "What is there upon it," she had asked her mother, "and why is it stuck down?" "Leave it alone," said her mother; "it may have come so by

accident." But she became very red, because she was not accustomed to equivocate or to tell an untruth of any kind.

But to-day Mary had taken the old Bible as well as the book of sermons, and she was rather curious to see what was written on the leaf which was stuck down. It could not be wrong if she loosened it very softly and carefully with a large pin.

The leaf was old and yellow, like the Bible itself. At the top of the page, in ink pale with age, were written, in few words, by the hand of the old miller, Mary's grandfather, the names of his children, their birthdays, and christening-days, with a text to each. These had all died except the miller's wife. Beneath was some more recent writing in her mother's hand:—"On the 12th of May, 1820, a little daughter was born to us, who, at her christening on the 20th, received the name of Mary Christina. May God bless and prosper her, and cause her to grow up to His glory and our joy! On the day of her birth I chose the text, 'Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word.' On the day of her christening, 'In quietness and confidence shall be your strength.' On the christening-day, my husband and our neighbour Rau decided, in joyful mood, that Rau's little son and our newborn daughter should, in after years, become husband and wife. I have laid my child's future in God's hands. If it be his good and gracious will that the two should some day be brought together, may he so order it for his praise and their welfare. 'Man's heart proposeth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps.'"

And this was the reason why Mary's mother, usually such an upright, simple soul, had stuck down the leaf as her daughter grew up, and this was why Mary sat so thoughtfully on the seat by the willow-bushes; and, in spite of Sunday morning and church-bells, had read nothing more of Bible and sermon-book than the first blank page.

How wonderful this thought seemed to her! As if it had fallen from heaven, and yet as if she had long known it in secret. It seemed to her almost wrong, almost as if she ought to be ashamed that she, the little girl, should know, or even think of anything of the kind; and yet, if her father and mother had thought of it before she was sixteen, why should she not think of it too?

Certainly, for the last few years, she had looked at George, the tall youth, in a different light from that in which she had looked at him before, but not in that light by any means. They had been rather shy of each other, and had almost become strangers, since they had made attempts at learning botany together, yet she had always felt herself honoured by any notice which he might take of her. But now! he certainly seemed much too young to think seriously of anything of the kind, although she was sixteen. If the miller's child, whose life had till then been too healthy and well occupied to allow her to indulge in many day-dreams, had formed any ideal in her own mind, it was that of a mature and manly nature, a support and stay, rather than of an overgrown youth not much wiser than herself.

And yet she looked at this youth in quite a different light; it was too wonderful that she, the little Mill Mary, should already be chosen as some one's wife!

But, of course, George knew nothing about this affair; and if he should ever hear of it he certainly would not wish it; and, most decidedly, his mother would not. The Rauses were much grander people than they, and it was probable that George would be still grander than his father had been—he already looked more of a gentle-

man. But he should never find out that she knew anything about it; she would die first—it is so easy to die at sixteen. How quickly thoughts travel! How many conflicting plans, dreams, and resolutions passed through Mary's mind in one quarter of an hour! The Bible still rested on her knee; it did not occur to her that she might find the best answer to all her contending thoughts in the holy Book itself—not by using it as an oracle, and looking out for a text at hazard, although simple, pious souls have often found what they wanted in this way, but by learning from it to read all the mysteries of heart and life in the light of eternity. She heard a quick step over the bridge. How strange that George should come just at that moment! In spite of her surprise at his visit, the sermon-book was in her hand in an instant, and she was so deeply absorbed in reading it that she saw and heard nothing of the approaching visitor. She was no coquette, and no dissembler, but the unconscious instinct of a maiden's heart caused the deep blush with which she looked up, as George stood before her and said, "Good morning, Mary; what excessive devotion!"—it was quite right and proper.

"Is my godfather not at home?" inquired George, who had called the miller by this name from childhood: "I want to speak to him." "They are both gone to church," answered Mary, still more embarrassed. George seemed to her to-day so much older, more mature, and important! It was not only that his morning dress made him look more manly, but the grief which had passed over his young soul during the last few weeks, and a certain consciousness of responsibility, and the feeling that he must now take the foremost part, gave him a graver air. Whenever she ventured a shy sidelong glance at him, she cast down her eyes in wonder that he had changed so much. But George, also, seemed to look at the half-childish figure, with her thick brown curls, in quite a different light. He had not read in any old Bible; unfortunately, the Bible at the Firs was far too deeply hidden in dust even to be found; but in the quiet days of mourning his mother had commissioned him to look through his father's day-book, and there, among the notices of buying and selling, he had found business memoranda of all kinds.

There, under the date of May 1820, was written: "The butcher wanted to fetch the two great calves, but could not do so because we were at the christening at the Mill. On this occasion I affianced my little son to the miller's newborn daughter; so he is already provided for. My wife does not think the match grand enough, but I shall be glad if it comes to pass."

If this passing notice had not aroused in George's mind so great a storm of conflicting feelings as the words in her mother's Bible had done in Mary's, it had given him a great deal to think about. He had not seen little Mary for months, and now he was curious to find out how she looked; certainly he did not think at all seriously of this parental compact. It was nonsense that he should be engaged.

But he had some very important business to transact with the miller, who had been appointed to be his guardian in his father's will. Frau Rau was not quite contented with this arrangement; and, in the midst of her sorrow, she thought how much better it would have been if the family had sought to elevate itself by the choice of some well-educated guardian; but she would not interfere, as the miller had always proved a true friend in need.

It was strange that George should just happen to find Mary alone, as he had not been alone with her for years. She was so deeply absorbed in her book that she

did not look up to greet him till he stood still straight before her, and said, "Good morning, Mary; what are you reading? Is it something pretty?" he continued, and tried, in his confusion, to take the book out of her hand. "Oh! only a sermon," stammered Mary, yet more embarrassed. She then noticed for the first time that she had opened the book at the funeral sermon of an old pastor, and that she was holding it in her hand upside down. "My parents are still at church; they will return soon," she continued, with an amount of confusion which she had never known till then.

"I do not mind waiting: is there room for me here?" asked George, rather more boldly than before. The Bible was carefully laid on the grass; the two sat down together. They did not see much more than the green bushes and the blue heaven above, and they heard the birds twitter and sing; but George felt rather strange, and perhaps Mary did too. This time she began to speak—first of his father; how kind he had always been to her, and how much she mourned for him; and then they came to the old days (there are already old days to be discussed at sixteen and eighteen years of age); of their expeditions on the water, their collection of stones, and their sending flowers to the sea. They were in the midst of their conversation, when the servant called out to them from above, "Miss Mary, are you there? The fire is out, and the meat is not cooked."

Mary sprang up with glowing cheeks, for she had quite forgotten kitchen, meat, and fire.

In a modern novel the heroine says, when she has to go into the kitchen, "I must now leave you; for humble yet imperative duties await me." Mary did not read enough for such elegant phrases to occur to her; unfortunately, she had not thought of the "humble yet imperative duties," and went in with an uneasy conscience.

Until the delay had been repaired, by means of an enormous fire, George and the miller walked up and down the garden, talking eagerly. They were discussing his future. The lawsuit had been brought to an end by a compromise, after his father's death; but in consequence of law expenses, and of the neglect of the owner, the farm had suffered so considerably that it seemed scarcely prudent for the widow to keep it. George would have been too young to undertake it; but he had other plans for himself, and was now explaining them to the miller, who at first did not seem to approve of them, but gradually appeared to become more reconciled.

Mary, who had been bustling about in the kitchen with unexampled zeal, sometimes cast a sidelong glance out of the window. She felt a strange awe and delight in seeing those two talking together so pleasantly and confidentially: the slight youth in his modern short coat, and her father's broad figure in his bright blue miller's dress, which he could never be persuaded to discard. They seemed to suit each other perfectly. George was speaking quickly and eagerly to the miller, who listened very quietly, and only now and then gently shook his head.

"Now it is dinner time," said the miller, at last. "You must stay with us, George; your mother cannot expect you any longer, and you will have to go to the town in the afternoon. We will not talk any more to-day, but you can come over early to-morrow morning, and then I will give you an answer. I must think over the matter this afternoon."

George was very silent during dinner. He did not talk much with Mary, who sat opposite him, and scarcely dared to look up. The miller's wife was taken up with Christian, who seldom talked at table, but ate

so much the more. The miller seemed in a very good humour, and now and then looked at his blooming daughter with a mischievous smile, which made his wife feel rather uncomfortable. The miller's child was indeed a sight to rejoice the heart; and no fault could be found with her father if he feasted his eyes upon her. She had put on a black apron over her bright blue frock, in honour of her deceased god-father, and it showed off to advantage her fresh blooming complexion, light hair, and clear lips, while the lovely breath of the first pure youthful bloom lay over her young figure. It had never before occurred to George that the miller's child was so pretty.

The simple meal was soon over, although it had taken rather longer than usual, as, on account of Mary's negligence, the meat was somewhat tough. George had made an engagement with a friend in the town, and went away after dinner. He took his leave in few words, but held Mary's hand in his own rather longer than was necessary.

CHAPTER V.

THE Sunday afternoon lay in warmth and silence over the Mill; the workpeople had dispersed on all sides. Mary had gone to see the old schoolmaster, who had been her best friend since her school-days; his wife was an invalid, and did not like walking, so he was very glad when his old pupil could take a quiet walk with him over the fields, and he did his best to pour out his store of school wisdom and life experience into her young receptive heart; and it often seemed to him that, with regard to difficult questions over which he had long puzzled himself, little Mary could find an answer in a few simple words.

Christian was out with some companions, and so the miller and his wife were alone in their little room. The unaccustomed stillness—for it seldom happened that the Mill could be allowed to stand still, even on Sunday—the warm, deep sunlight, the humming and singing of the grasshoppers and birds on the island, gave them a holiday feeling, which rarely falls to the lot of elderly people who are engaged in the active business of life.

Country people are not very fond of long walks; a slow wandering about their own fields and meadows, which it was pleasant to see in the light of the Sabbath rest, after the labour of the week, or a quiet hour of rest at home, inspired the most peaceful Sunday feelings in the heart of the miller's wife. "There are times," she was accustomed to say, "when one must seek the Lord with pain and trouble; but there are other times, and those are the best, when we have only to be still and keep our hearts open, for him to enter in. In this way he appeared to the disciples at Gennesaret, and to Mary in the garden." So the miller's wife sat in her room with a heart full of Sabbath stillness, and quietly listened to her husband's communications.

"So you see, wife," said the miller, "this is the state of the case. Frau Rau's brother-in-law has set his heart on having the farm, so she would do better to let him have it, so long as he pays a good price for it."

"But her father's home and possession!" sighed his wife. "There is an inscription there which tells how her ancestors rebuilt the house, after the Thirty Years' War."

"That cannot be helped," said the miller. "I should not like it, but it is better to leave the house than to let it go to ruin. My good father used to say, 'If you have a farm, and cut down one tree upon it, you had better go the same day and advertise it for sale in the

weekly paper; for the blessing will depart from it when the first fruit-tree has been destroyed.' And they have cut down a great many trees at the Firs—it will go to ruin! Wife, it will go to ruin!" The miller's wife never made any interruption when the authority of the good father came into play.

"So I cannot blame George," continued the miller, "if he takes no pleasure in the farm, and wishes to turn to something else. I do not disapprove of study, but unlearned men are not stupid, as my father used to say; and for the money which one spends in study, one could buy the most beautiful property, and live a life of plenty.

"I was once in Tübingen, where there is a university. When there, I went into an inn where the young gentlemen were crying, shouting, rioting, and drinking beer to a fearful extent. 'Listen, gentlemen,' said I: 'is that what you do when you wish to study and become learned?' 'You know nothing about it, Knot,' said one of them (he cannot have understood when the waiter called me Herr Roth). 'Those who study at Tübingen become discreet of themselves.' 'Do you not know,' said I, again, 'I have read the Lord giveth to his beloved (while) sleeping? I never heard that he gave to them while drinking. Man must be, in some respects, better than the cattle: they drink only when they are thirsty, but the student drinks without being thirsty.'"

"What about George?" said the miller's wife, who had patiently listened to this outbreak.

"Yes," continued the miller, "he will not carry it so far; I cannot oppose him if he wants to study. He needs a certain amount of learning; and a doctor, when he is clever, is not so bad."

"So he wishes to be a doctor?"

"Yes, wife; and he is quite in earnest about his studies; and"—here the mischievous smile crept over his face—"he has already thought of a wife."

"Of our Mary?" asked his wife, frightened—yet, perhaps, in the depth of her heart, secretly flattered. "You cannot be in earnest about the child!"

"It may be so, wife. There is no hurry, but what must be is very suitable. No one has spoken to the children about our agreement at the christening, and they have thought of it for themselves,—at least George has done so. In six years he will be able to earn his own living; I shall not allow him to have her sooner; and Mary is still very young. Do you not see God's hand in it all?"

"We will follow God's leading, and not try to go before it," said his wife. "I only ask one thing: do not decide upon anything, and do not let George bind himself by any promise; for they are both too young, and do not know their own minds. It shall not be a breach of truth, or a sin, if he alters his opinion; leave the matter alone."

"That is my advice too," said the miller, who did not like having anything upon his mind. "My good father used to say, when he heard of an engagement, 'Bring it to an end as quickly as possible.' But in this case we cannot bring it to an end; so, in my opinion, we must be silent about it, in order that it may do no harm to our child. But I only say that he must be glad when he gains her."

"And his mother?"

"Yes; it is time to speak of her. I heard from our doctor that a course of medical study costs from five to six hundred gulden a year (about £40 or £50); and if he sets up as a doctor he must incur further expenses. Frau Rau cannot afford so large a sum till her affairs

are in order, and so the miller must help. I think it can be managed; and our Mary will make a capital wife. And it will be no bad thing if she does marry a doctor, as Christian will be at the Mill."

"Let us leave it in God's hands," said the miller's wife. She was not sorry that some one was waiting below to speak to her husband, and that she was left alone with her Bible and her own thoughts.

ON THE NILE.

BY HOWARD HOPLBY.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE CATARACTS.

A tale of glorious peace, broken with fits
Of still victorious war: so Nile's great stream
Glides smooth for many a league, until the jaws
Of stony mountain gorge, 'twixt ruinous crags,
Receive it, and the anarchy of rocks
Disputes the passage of the lordly flood.
Then all is hubbub, then majestic calm
Changes to splendid wrath,—unequal strife!
The torrent triumphs, hushes its vexed waves,
And through new plains resumes its placid way.

My first view of Philæ was got at early morning, from some high rocks overlooking the cataracts. Smith and I had started ere the sun was risen, while yet dusk and scattered stars lingered in the sky. We had climbed from ledge to ledge as dawn was battling with the shadows, and now, when we gained the hill-top and heard the roar of the nearer rapids, dwarfed into a murmur, we saw the eastern desert rim all ablaze with flakes of fire. Rose, ruby, amber, emerald, hyacinth fringed the firmament; a skirt, so it seemed, to some vast airy curtain whose folds, at a given signal, would roll up and disclose some pageant of unutterable splendour.

Said had toiled up in our rear. He did not at all relish these morning expeditions; besides, the boy had a heap of appliances for breakfast on his back, slung fore and aft like the placard boards that perambulate our pavements; for my friend had organised an extempore repast prior to starting, stuffing sundry cakes, eggs, and a cold fowl into an empty kettle, and packing charcoal, and coffee, and water bottles into a leathern bag. Smith held that the effect of sunrise from mountain heights was peculiarly trying to the empty stomach. Nothing, he said, made one so ravenous as that interminable watching in the keen hungry air for day. So, when we had got up to these ledgy regions, and had lighted on a convenient platform, the boy was bid to shoot down his traps and kindle a fire, which he did grumblingly. Fragments of stone were put together, a fire daintily coaxed up, and the kettle of coffee (with the eggs cooking in it) boiled.

Meanwhile, the hues upon the eastern threshold were deepening; flaming crimson fires heralded the approach of day; swift signals sped tremulously along the line, tint interweaving itself hastily with tint; while battalions of fleecy clouds parted asunder, and a glory of bright bars shot up into the sky. It was a silent music—a very chorus of colour, changing from chord to chord until, as with a burst of triumph, the big sun strode forth, and a flood of light poured far and wide over the scene.

And a wild scene it was. The cataracts of the Nile are in a certain way disappointing. One somehow expects to find mighty waterfalls tumbling and seething amid tropic woodland scenery; instead of which you come upon a series of rapids—not a single cascade of any magnitude, not a tree to be seen in all the broad landscape. The disappointment, however, is in kind,

not in degree; so, at least, we judged that morning, fascinated by a spectacle so strange and new.

Fancy a broad expanse many miles—a dozen at least—in circuit, dotted over with a hundred scattered islands of rock, and flecked with moving shadows, where the river, that seems somehow to have strayed into this wild desert by mischance, and got entangled in a perplexity of tortuous channels, dashes and tumbles, frets and chafes to be gone. Islands great and small; islands of syenite, granite, and porphyry, built up of big boulders, black, gray, green, pink, with huge outlying fragments littered all abroad in the water; islands so grotesque, so fantastic, that the suspicion crosses you—as in the case of certain orchids—as to whether Nature could have been altogether serious in making them; islands that are massed and piled ponderously up with cyclopean blocks big as a church, cunningly lodged, oddly positioned, which, rounded and smoothed by the wear of ages of inundations, resemble weird colossal figures, Titan forms, seated grimly one with another in endless conclave, with their vast limbs and solemn features outlined against the sky. Fancy a jagged ridge of sandstone to eastward, engirdling this wild vortex, and bounding the horizon, and on the west the yellow desert rippling up from its far solitudes in soft sand wreaths, drifts of deep orange exquisitely pure, granulated and glittering as sands of gold, that topple over and slide down the black smooth precipices in the forefront, trickling into every cranny and settling like snow on every jutting ledge of that irregular circlet whose foot is in the rushing stream. Six miles to southward, in a glimmering land, lies the inlet of the river, behind us the outlet—deep channels both, between confronting heights.

Smoothly old Nilus pours in; smoothly and victoriously he flows out; but, in the interval, all is strife and uproar. He has entered an arena where all is conflict. An utter change has taken place. No longer the placid river we have known heretofore, calm-flowing and majestic, whose waters mirrored banks of clustering lupin and dreamy avenues of palm, but a medley of swift rushing rapids, dashing madly against sharp rocks, and eddying through a hundred channels. Here and there a little calm bay lies sleeping under some promontory, and often within the shelter of islands, where the seething waters girdling meet, there is a lull; but, for the rest, all is confusion. It is a battle for life. The two deserts, hitherto separate, kept at bay, here join hands to bar the current, and the distracted waters struggle through. From one end of this wilderness to the other, in and out among the grim colossi, in lesser or greater rapids, in headlong tumbling among sharp rocks, in insidious under-currents, where two islands approach—throughout the whole distance, in the main a considerable descent, the mighty river hurries impetuous, and is broken. Not until within easy range of Syene, the gates of Egypt, does it gather up its scattered forces and become calm. This is its last battle. Henceforward its streams may flow on unfettered—onward to the great sea.

Amid this phlegethon of waters, this wide, howling waste of granite, the one only element of harmony is Philæ. You gaze anxiously for it. Your eye, so long used to grace and majesty in the forms and features of the landscape, roves restlessly from rock to river, seeking repose—some symptom of order and meaning. "Is all discord," you say—"all utterly delivered over to the spirits of the earthquake and storm?" No. Away at the end of a tortuous rocky vista, sleeping in the peacefulness of light, and crowned with airy temples, Philæ dawns upon you, a gem set in the bright sapphire of

the stream. For the placid river, not as yet maddened into strife, caressingly lingers about the sweet belted slopes, the summer vistas, and plummy palms of Philæ.

Such was the landscape we looked upon from our rocky perch. Never—so we agreed while discussing our repast—never had we surveyed so weird and chaotic a scene before. There was a sense of comfort, though, in commenting upon it, with a satisfactory breakfast before us. We could appreciate its wildness more fully seen through the thin veil of fragrant coffee steam, which went wreathing upwards into the morning sunshine. Saïd had come to grief with the kettle, which, boiling too furiously, had blown off its lid. He was now repentant, and deprecated a scolding; for the aforesaid lid, pitching on its rim, had trundled insidiously away, and, slowly at first, but soon acquiring impulsion, had bounded from crag to crag until, by a mighty leap, it had buried itself irretrievably in the current below. The breakfast was a success, however, and it left us no excuse for hurrying away. Besides, we had a pouchful of Latakia handy, and there was not a suspicion of cold. My thermometer, in a shady cleft, marked 72° at nine o'clock. This was in February, mind!

So, as I said, we lingered awhile, and watched the ever-changing play of lights and shadows on the rushing waters. It was to us a day-dream, and we dreamed it out. We had come to an enchanted land. This was the fabled spot of Osiris' burial, whose yearly resurrection the river's annual overflow shadowed forth. Moreover, according to the dictum of ancient sages, we were looking upon the very sources of the Nile. Here, said those wise men, it sprung up, here among those rocks, and then flowed southward into Ethiopia, northward into Egypt. Herodotus, however, contradicting them, assured the world that he had seen the river flowing through.

Philæ—that little patch of blue sky in a stormy heaven—Philæ was not at first visible; but when the encroaching rays fell aslant of its slender colonnades, from above the ridge of an adjacent rock across the calm water, the fair far-off vision flashed suddenly upon us, lapped in the amber glow of morning, and we were entranced with the sight.

The Titan conclave changed in aspect with every change of the sun. Moods, features, character, alike changed continually. As in the glowing embers you may build castles and discover grim faces which alter, perchance, into features of ineffable loveliness—alter like dissolving pictures on a screen, so here, while the shadows crept about these whimsical colossi, and the low sunshine played athwart the huge boulders, grotesque or fair, which stood for mimic heads, helmets, or limbs, we now and then struck out of them characteristics of singular majesty and calm—a dignity of composition and posture not surpassed even in great Memnon himself; or in those wondrous rock-giants of Abou Simbel. Formed and moulded they had been, into rough symmetry, by the fret and attrition of many a surging flood, even as men's characters are formed and moulded by the wear and sufferings of this transitory life; and here they stood fast-rooted for ever, and the waters of the great river seethed harmlessly at their feet.

AUSTRALIAN ACCLIMATISATION.

WHEN Australia was first discovered, nothing struck European emigrants as more extraordinary, in connection with the new land, than the novel fauna and flora therein displayed. The kangaroo, the ornithorhynchus, amongst

animals, were forms, until Australia was known, unheard of. Amongst birds, there were black swans and white crows, to set one's preconceived notion about swans and crows at defiance. The prevalent forms of vegetable life seemed hardly less extraordinary. Trees with almost no visible leaves, cherries with stones seemingly outside, helped to complete the notion of utter strangeness to old-world forms. Taken altogether, the Australian continent seemed to have a soil and a climate disproportionately good, by comparison, with the animals and vegetables indigenous. Here was an incentive to the enterprise of man. Enterprising man has been on the field of Australian acclimatisation for the last few years. The Acclimatisation Society of Melbourne has recently issued a report of proceedings. This report is of extreme interest, as the following will make manifest. To begin with a failure, the society regrets to announce that the attempts made to acclimatise the alpaca and Cashmere goat have failed, it is believed in consequence of the practical difficulties and expense of maintaining these animals in the high mountainous regions of Gipps' Land, in which alone the suitable climate and other conditions necessary for their welfare could be found in the colony. Perhaps expectations ran higher about these Cashmere goats and alpacas than in respect to any other importation. Disappointment has been proportionately great; but, otherwise, success has crowned nearly every other effort of the Acclimatisation Society. The greatest achievement of the society, during the past year, has been the introduction of a flock of ninety-three Angora goats. A large sum of money has been expended on these animals, and their acclimatisation may be considered assured. These goats have thriven admirably in the colony, the climate of which is not unlike that of their native country. Since the arrival of the flock, its increase has been sixty, whilst two only have died. The total number of pure Angora goats now owned by the society is one hundred and eighty. Each Angora goat has a fleece of about four pounds average weight, for which the market price is generally a shilling a pound higher than good sheep's wool. The demand for the wool is practically unlimited, so that no fears need be entertained of overstocking the market. Some Angora wool having been forwarded by the council to Messrs. Titus Salt and Sons, these gentlemen had it made up into cloth, and returned. It was shown in the International Exhibition, and universally admired.

Though the acclimatisation of Angora goats may be considered most important in a remunerative sense, that of salmon and several other species of foreign fish is to the naturalist most curious. The "Lincolnshire," with a shipment of ova on board, arrived on the 1st of May, 1856, when a large proportion of the salmon and salmon trout ova were found to be alive. Of brown trout ova only five hundred were shipped, and they had all perished. The hatching in Tasmania resulted in six thousand salmon and one thousand salmon trout. The salmon which were hatched two years and a half since have gone to the sea, and their return was looked for at the time of the report. Experience has proved that there is nothing in Australian rivers injurious to salmon. A two-year old smolt has been caught in Tasmania, and had been shown in the Intercolonial Exhibition in Melbourne. It is pronounced to be as fine a fish of its age as was ever seen in the United Kingdom. Two very interesting experiments were made when the last ova were shipped. In the ice-bin in which the ova were deposited was placed a box containing cocoons of the *Ailanthus* silkworm, and some fruit-trees and heather. On arrival the cocoons were placed in charge of

Professor McCoy, and six months afterwards one of them produced a living moth. The others, on being opened, were found to have died in France, and never to have assumed the pupa state in the cocoon; so that the voyage had no connection with their death. The trees and heather arrived in a state as perfect as if they had only been just lifted from the nursery. This experiment is considered to be most important. It seems to show that all the vegetable world of northern Europe is placed at the disposal of Australia. Amongst recent arrivals are twenty-two of a beautiful species of deer—the axis deer. They have been sent to Longerenong, on the Wimmera, where they have been liberated in company with thirteen others, already in the possession of Mr. Samuel Wilson. The spot was chosen with the intent that the entire Grampian range of hills may be stocked with these beautiful animals. The European hare has been an Australian denizen now for so long that this animal may be looked upon as completely naturalised. The society reports that at every spot where these animals have been turned out they have increased and are increasing.

In bird importations, the success of the Acclimatisation Society has been conspicuous. Not scarce and choice varieties alone have won their regards, though there have been many of these; even common British sparrows have been thought worthy of importation by our Tasmanian colonists. British house and field sparrows now hop about and twitter at the antipodes, helping to keep down the preponderance of insect life which was so prejudicial to the Australian farmer and gardener. Sparrows, indeed, would seem to have been in high request, for not only have the two British species of house and hedge sparrow been acclimatised, but even the Chinese sparrows, by which an international insect-eating competition among all the sparrows may be brought about. A further supply of Ceylon partridges has been secured, these birds having been turned loose on the grounds of Mr. Austin, at Barwon Park. The society intends to pay especial regard to the acclimatisation of ostriches; and there is much reason to believe that these birds will thrive admirably under their new condition. For some time past ostriches have been bred in the south of France, where it is said they have almost become as tame as barn-door pets. The Acclimatisation Society have not restricted their attention to things merely useful, but have brought their energies to bear upon the ornamental as well. Goldfinches, chaffinches, and sky-larks can hardly have been thus honourably transported to the antipodes with any view to money-making, but simply out of regard to their ornament and accomplishments, and pleasant old-world associations.

Though the project for introducing the *Ailanthus* silkworm has temporarily failed, yet the common mulberry-leaf silkworm bids fair to create an important branch of commerce for Australia. A plentiful supply of the finest silkworm eggs has been received from Japan, and distributed amongst persons who have given attention to sericulture. We have no intention to present an inventory list of all the old-world animals now acclimatised in Australia. Enough has been stated to show with what energy the Tasmanian Society of Acclimatisation has gone to work, and how great has been the fruition of their labours. It is a pleasing thought that a land which the old country once valued only because it afforded a transportation field to criminals, should have risen to a state of civilization, refinement, and elegance, and that it should now have established transportation of birds, and beasts, and fishes.

Original Fables.

TOO TIGHT MAKES LOOSE.

Fizz went the beer through the hole from which it had driven the peg!

The master hammered the peg in tight.

Fizz—Fizz—Fizz went the beer through a seam in the cask!

The master plastered the seam with pitch.

Bang went the beer through the bung-hole all over the cellar!

"It's a pity!" said the old Barrel, standing nearly empty, "but, if he had but left it a little liberty and breathing room, it wouldn't have taken the law into its own hands."

HOW TO DISPOSE OF SUSPICIOUS ATTENTIONS.

"Oh, you dear creatures!" cried the Sparrows to the Chickens, who had just begun their barley; "we couldn't rest without coming to see you: it seems such ages since our last visit!"

"Thank you, friends," said a cute young Chick; "I'm sure we are greatly obliged to you; and, as you are so deeply interested in us, it is only right to tell you that if you would come to inquire after us at any other than *feeding time* (which we notice you always choose for your visits), it would be much more to our profit, and, of course, to your *disinterested* satisfaction."

THE CHARITY THAT COVERETH FAULTS AND INFIRMITIES.

"DEAR Moss!" said the old Thatch, "I am so worn, so patched, so ragged; really I am quite unsightly. I wish you would come and cheer me up a little; you will hide all my infirmities and defects, and, through your loving sympathy, no finger of contempt or dislike will be pointed at me."

"I come!" said the Moss; and it crept up and around, and in and out, till every flaw was hidden, and all was smooth and fair. Presently the sun shone out, and the old Thatch looked gloriously in the golden rays.

"How beautiful the thatch looks!" cried one.

"How beautiful the thatch looks!" cried another.

"Ah!" cried the old Thatch, "rather let them say how beautiful is the loving Moss, that spends itself in covering all my faults, keeping the knowledge of them all to herself, and by her own grace making my age and poverty wear the garb of youth and luxuriance."

SOME CHANCE FOR THE SILENT.

NED had such a solemn face; he looked so wise, and moved so deliberately and discreetly, that every one on the common, when he first went there, felt a respect for him.

"He is a reflecting fellow, I should think!" remarked the Dun Cow, as she watched him grazing, while she chewed the cud. "I like your reflecting people!"

"Oh, yes; and he is evidently sensible and discriminating," said the old Mare. "You see how he follows me wherever I go; at a distance, and quietly, but very constantly."

"That is because he has found out that you know where the best pasture is," said Dobbin, drily; "and certainly it shows his sagacity. I have no doubt when we get more intimate with him we shall all be much delighted with his society."

Ned was so tickled with these flattering opinions of his merits that he stuck up his head and gave two or three loud brays.

"Who'd have thought it," said the Dun Cow, "he is nothing but an ass, after all!"

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE;

OR, HOW BOBBY WAS TOO WISE TO BE TAKEN IN BY A

PUFFING ADVERTISEMENT.

"Bob! Bob!" cried the Sparrows in high delight to a Robin that was hopping about picking up what he could find; "such capital news; the men of the farm have taken pity upon us, and, knowing how much trouble we have in getting a living, they have thrown down ever so much corn; they have, indeed! There it is, open to any one; come off, for fear it should be all gone."

"Stop a minute," said Bob; "what made them put it there; was it for their own convenience?"

"It couldn't be *that*," said the Sparrows; "for it is thrown about in every direction."

"And no *had-ma-dude* put up to frighten us off," said Bob, with a sceptical cock of his head.

"Not one," said the Sparrows; "it is a clear case of benevolence; the corn is meant for us, depend on it."

"Let them eat it that believe it," said Robin; "I have faith in Miss Lily, when she throws me crumbs in the winter, and I pick them up without fear; but I must have a better opinion of the friendship of the *men* and their love for us than I have, before I venture on what I little doubt is only a poisoned bait. Don't you see that it is far too good to be true? Take my advice, and be content with a bit here and a bit there, as I am, eating in safety, and don't risk your whole welfare on such suspicious offers."

VAIN-GLORIOUS BOASTS END IN SHAME.

"DID you hear how the fox ran into Farmer Brown's yard and frightened every one to death?" said the Speckled Hen to the rest; and they all gathered round her to listen to the story.

"Don't be nervous, ladies," said a grand-looking Cock, strutting up and down before them. "Remember you are under my *protection*!"

"The fox! the fox!" screamed the Hens; and in he actually ran, the hounds after him.

The valiant Cock flew up to the top of the wall, while the Hens scattered off as fast as they could into the roosting place.

"He is gone!" cried one, peeping out. "Oh, yes; he is gone!" said the rest; and they came, one by one, very cautiously down the roost ladder, and landed in the yard.

"Is he gone?" cried the Cock from the wall.

"Yes, quite gone," they all cried.

"Then I may come down too," he said, and strutted about as before.

"I wouldn't leave my post, you see, ladies, while there was any danger," he said, majestically.

"Who doubts that?" said Shock, who had heard him promise to protect them. "You are a brave defender, indeed. If your ladies had not had the roost to fly to, you would have helped them much from the top of your wall!"

"Pray, sir, what was I to do?" said the Cock, much disconcerted and offended.

"Oh, of course," said Shock; "you couldn't do anything but take care of yourself; and I don't blame you for doing that, but for blustering about what you knew you couldn't do. False pretences always make people contemptible."

JUDGED BY THE TRUTH.

"WHAT has come to us all! Yesterday, we had irreproachable fleeces—a faint blemish here or there, perhaps, but on the whole fair and comely. To-day, if I am like you, we are, altogether, the dingiest flock that ever stocked a meadow."

"Son," replied the old Sheep to the young one, which, with much perplexity, had thus addressed him, "we are just as we were yesterday, when you so admired us, and thought us, with yourself, cleanly and bright; but you behold us now in contrast with this faultless snow which fell last night, and which, by revealing our true colour, shows how far—how very far—we are from purity."

A MISTAKE ABOUT DRESS.

"SEE how pretty we look in our spring dresses, I and the Hedges," said the black old Thatch, covered with bright green moss.

"Do you hear her?" said the Hedges; "does she fancy because she puts on our colours people will think there is youth in her as in us? Poor old thing! she little knows that where her mantle is cracked she shows through, darker and uglier from the vivid contrast of her bright and youthful array."

THE LOWEST FALL IS FROM THE HIGHEST PLACE.

"MOTHER!" cried a young Lion, "what a grand thing it is to be king of the forest, and to reign in glory, making every heart shake with the sound of one's voice—listen!" and he roared till the air around trembled, and all the creatures fled in terror.

"Yes, my son," answered the old Lioness; "it is a grand thing, no doubt;" and he said again—

"I, though so young, can already master an ox. In a few years I shall be in my prime, and then what will withstand me? I long for the time!"

"Be satisfied to wait," said the Lioness; "remember that when that time comes it will bring another behind it, when your strength will have departed, and you will see one of two things before you—death by starvation, or slaughter by one of the animals who now fly before you, and are contemptible in your sight. In this respect a lion is no better off than a mouse; and there is this to be said also, that, while the mouse has so little to lose, he will scarcely feel the change in his condition, the lion must smart with anguish unutterable, remembering what he once possessed."

BALANCED BURTHENS COME LIGHT.

"Poor fellow, poor fellow! What, *two* loads?" said a Pack Horse to a friend, who had a burthen hanging from each side. "I should have thought the one I saw you with yesterday was enough, without weighing you down with another."

"Thank you for your pity," said the Friend: "you are kind, but master is very wise, and has done well by giving me this second load. It serves to balance the other, so that I feel both less now than I did one before."

VAIN CURIOSITY.

"WHAT is in the middle of the earth?" asked the Magpie, just as the mole came out of his burrow.

"Why do you ask?" inquired the Mole.

"Because I should exceedingly like to know," said the Magpie.

"I can't tell you, although I am almost always underground. I go but very little way down: so ask the trees, their roots penetrate far below me."

"What is in the middle of the earth?" said the Magpie to the old Elm, in which her nest was built.

"Why do you ask?" inquired the Elm.

"Oh, I should like to know, above all things," said the Magpie.

"How can I tell? My roots strike deep indeed, but are yet a short distance from the surface. The rivers go lower down than the oldest and deepest of us. Ask the rivers."

"What is in the middle of the earth?" asked the Magpie of the broad river that flowed by the old elm.

"Why do you ask?" inquired the River.

"Oh, I should be so pleased to find out," said the Magpie.

"Then you must be taught by the wisdom that spread me abroad," said the River. "I indeed am deep, and my stream is wide, but I know nothing beyond my limits. If you want knowledge such as lies in our range, I can teach you, or the old elm can teach you, or the mole can teach you—each according to his experience; but, if you only want to indulge a vain curiosity, know that no honest teacher who deals in the truth will be able to satisfy you."

POST-MORTEM PRAISE.

"Do you remember Drover?" said Shag to his friend Tray.

"What, the shepherd dog on the hill?" asked Tray.

"Ay; a rough, slouchy-looking fellow: half rust and half dirt colour," said Shag.

"Oh, yes," said Tray; "I remember him very well—slow and sleepy, rather. They said he liked eating and sleeping better than work."

"To be sure they did," said Shag; "to hear their talk about him, you would think he might die twenty times over without being missed."

"Is he dead, then?" inquired Tray.

"He is," said Shag; "and, to hear the fuss they are making about him, you would say the world must stand still without him—such a beauty he was—so faithful, so clever, so discreet; in short, I doubt if such a paragon of perfection, in the shape of a dog, ever existed before, or ever will appear again."

"You don't say so!" said Tray.

"I do; and what do you think? they're going to have him stuffed; they are, truly!" said Shag.

"Never!" said Tray. "How long have they found all this out about him?"

"Oh, only since he died," said Shag.

"That's the way with 'em," said Tray: "he got many a hard word and sharp kick, while he was alive, that he didn't deserve, and now he is dead they make all this ado about him with about as little reason."

Varieties.

RITUALISTIC VESTMENTS.—They have not the slightest tincture of flamen or priest in their origin or their whole descent. They are the dresses of the Syrian peasant or the Roman gentleman, retained by the clergy when they had been left off by the rest of society; just as the bishops long preserved the last relics of the flowing wigs of the time of Charles II, as the bluecoat boys recall the common dress of children under Edward VI, as quakers maintain the sober costume of the Commonwealth, as a clergyman's bands, which have been regarded as symbolical of the cloven tongues, of the two Testaments, of the two tables of the Law, are but the remains of the turn-down collars of the time of James I. Their very names bear witness to the fact that there was originally no outward distinction whatever between clergy and laity. They thus strike, if they have any historical significance at all, at the root of the vast hierarchical system of which they are now made the badges and ornaments. The "alb" is but the white shirt or tunic, still kept up in the white dress of the Pope, which used to be worn by every peasant next his skin, and in southern countries was often his only garment. A variety of it, introduced by the Emperors Commodus and Heliogabalus, with long sleeves, was, from the country whence they brought it, called the Dalmatica. The "pall" is the pallium, the woollen cloak, generally the mark of philosophers, wrapped round the shirt like a plaid or shawl. The overcoat, in the days of the Roman Empire as in ours, was constantly changing its fashion and its name: and the slang designations by which it was known have been perpetuated in the ecclesiastical vocabulary, and are now used with bated breath, as if speaking of things too sacred to be mentioned. One such overcoat was the *cape* or *cope*, also called *pluviale*, the "waterproof." Another was the *chasuble*, or *casula*, "the little house," as the Roman labourer called the smock frock in which he shut himself up when out at work in bad weather. Another was the *caracalla*, or *caraca*, or *casaca*, "the cassock," brought by the Emperor, who derived his own surname from it, when he introduced it from France. The "surplice" is the barbarous garment, the "over-fur" (*superpellicium*), only used in the North, where it was drawn over the skins of beasts, in which our German and Celtic ancestors were clothed. It was the common garb—"the white coat" (*cotta candens*)—worn by the regular clergy, not only in church but in ordinary life. In the oldest Roman mosaic, that in the church of Sta. Pudenziana, of the fourth century, the Apostles are represented in the common classical costume of the age. No thought had entered the mind of the Church, even at that time, of investing even the most sacred personages with any other than ordinary dresses.—*Edinburgh Review*.

COLLIERIES.—There are in the United Kingdom considerably above 3,000 collieries, which have a value of more than £100,000,000 sterling; and in these are employed about 320,000 men and boys.

OBEYING THE TRUTH.—Whenever the truth of God—to whom all sovereignty, majesty, and power belongs—and the commandment of men come in competition together, we must then say, as the Apostle said—"We ought rather to obey God than man." And when this is done, it must not be called disobedience to superiors; but it is obedience to them, because it is obedience to God, who is above them. And if we be put to suffering for this, then we suffer for Christ and his Truth; and therefore, the Apostle says to servants, if they suffer anything of their masters innocently and patiently, they suffer it for Christ. So that if men's commandments be contrary to God, we must in that case submit ourselves patiently to God, and suffer rather than obey them.—*Alexander Henderson*, 1638.

GAS WASTE IN LONDON.—The quantity of gas made by the several metropolitan gas companies is about 10,440,000,000 cubic feet per annum; the gas sold may be taken at 9,000,000,000 cubic feet per annum. The difference between these quantities is the amount of the loss incident to the distribution; in fact, so much worse than pure waste, as it is injurious to health on being absorbed into the earth and expended in the air. This is what the gas companies say. The manufacture consumes nearly a million and a quarter tons of coal a year; the loss represents, according to the statement of the opponents of the gas companies, 1,440,000,000 cubic feet, which, at the mean cost of 4s. 8d. per thousand, is worth £336,000 per annum.

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